

My Speed

Lake Street Dive

Get out of bed 'cause i swear you'll see the death of me
confined inside this space; it's an empty April curse
in the room under the stairs in this waterlogged land
where i'm the only one on hand

Let's call a cab, 'cause i swear you'll see the death of me
we're floating yellow ghosts without thoughts and no remorse
in the room under the stairs in this waterlogged land
where i'm the only one on hand

You're my speed just like staying in the lines,
and I'm your speed just like turpentine and limes

Turn off the set, 'cause I swear you'll see the death of me
it figures that we'd see our favorite stars of stage and screen
in the room under the stairs in this waterlogged land
where I'm the only one on hand

You're my speed just like staying in the lines,
and I'm your speed just like turpentine and limes